

THE WILMINGTON JOURNAL.

WILMINGTON, N. C., THURSDAY, AUGUST 30, 1860.

NATIONAL DEMOCRATIC NOMINATIONS.
FOR PRESIDENT,
HON. JOHN C. BRECKINRIDGE,
OF KENTUCKY.
FOR VICE-PRESIDENT,
GENERAL JOSEPH LANE,
OF OREGON.

ELECTORS FOR PRESIDENT & VICE-PRESIDENT.

For the State at Large:
ALFRED M. SCALES, of Rockingham.
ED. GRAHAM HAYWOOD, of Wake.

Districts:
1st District, JOHN W. MOORE, of Bertie.
2d " WM. B. RODMAN, of Beaufort.
3d " WM. A. ALLEN, of Duplin.
4th " HENRY T. YERABE, of Granville.
5th " J. W. MCLEAN, of Guilford.
6th " J. A. FOX, of Mecklenburg.
7th " JOHN A. DICKSON, of Burke.

OUR SEVENTEENTH VOLUME.

With this number we enter upon the seventeenth volume of the "Wilmington Journal." We trust that after an existence of sixteen years our paper is sufficiently well known to require no re-introduction to its readers or to the public generally, neither do we deem any professions or promises necessary at this late day; yet in compliance with custom, we feel called upon to make some reference to the advent of a new volume, if only for the purpose of returning our sincere acknowledgments to the many friends who have so kindly sustained us through long years in the past and whose support we shall endeavor to retain and deserve for many more years in the future. To them it may be a matter of gratification to learn, as it certainly is for us, that the subscription list and business of our office has never been larger or in a more healthy condition than it is now, nor its prospects at any time brighter or more cheering. What we can do for the cause we have espoused, we will do cheerfully and to the best of our ability, being determined, if possible, to deserve success even if we should fail to command it. But for the true Democratic cause, we have bright hopes which are daily becoming brighter, and which, we trust, will meet with their fullest realization in November next.

We trust that we will not be considered obtrusive if we respectfully ask of each and every one of our subscribers to use a little exertion—to exert a little influence to extend our circulation in their respective neighborhoods. It shall be our effort to make the *Journal* still more worthy of the liberal patronage it now enjoys, and of the yet larger patronage which its friends may easily secure for it.

Mr. Dick's Manifesto.

The Opposition papers of the State are, of course, publishing with much gusto from the *Standard*, a three column manifesto of Robert P. Dick, Esq., said manifesto being ostensibly addressed to the Democracy of the fifth Congressional District of North Carolina, and bearing date August 14th, 1860. The manifesto is now before us in the columns of the Raleigh *Register*, of course accompanied by the endorsement of that good Democratic paper. Mr. Dick will find his endorsers mainly among the organs of the Opposition, or the great disgruntled and disappointed among nominal Democrats. Let us not be misunderstood. We do not assert that at one time Mr. Douglas had not many and strong friends—some of them among the best Democrats in North Carolina; but we do assert that *now* the effort to get up an opposition to the regular Electoral ticket, to divide the State by a new issue and a fresh agitation, after its Democracy had wheeled into line for Breckinridge and Lane, is a device of the enemy—one, at least, aided and abetted by the enemy, and calculated, if not intended, to play into the hands of that enemy.—We can well understand why the bitterest Oppositionists would applaud Mr. Dick, and pat him on the back as a "good boy;"—why the *Register* should think his letter "bold, manly, and well-written." Is there biling and coining in this State between the mild followers of Bell and Everett and the rugged squatters of Douglas and the fierce disunionists of Herschell V. Johnson, whose antecedents are those of the most red-mouthed disunionist in Georgia, or in the country? Why, compared with Herschell V., the awful, hot-awful devouring Yancey is an innocent babe, guileless of salamanderism. Breckinridge and Lane, true, noble, national men, are called disunionists, and Herschell V. Johnson is the pet of the especial submissionists.

Let this last device of the Opposition be, indeed, a weak device? Let the Democracy "lay" the unique spirits that seek to disturb its harmony, by piling over them such majorities as will make their future attempts at gaudy manifestations ridiculous, if not impossible. Then, if Henry S. Foote, and the other *feet* of the party take to wandering to little' pow wows in faraway States to confabulate with other defeated aspirants, people will know to how much less than nothing they amount. They will see that such do harm to any cause they espouse, and risk the defeat of any party which acknowledges, in any way, their connection with it. But to Mr. Dick's manifesto.

Mr. Dick opens by the remark that when he went to Charleston, he did not apprehend any serious difficulty in the establishment of our platform. He thought the Cincinnati platform "pure and simple," with a pledge to abide by the decision of the Supreme Court in the Dred Scott case was entirely sufficient, and ought to be satisfactory to the whole country. He thinks, also, that such a platform could easily have been made but for the uncompromising demands of some of the ultra men of the "Cotton States."

In order fully to understand the strength and weakness of this assertion, it may be necessary to refer to a few facts antecedent, and first, to the second resolution of the platform adopted by the North Carolina State Convention which met at Raleigh on the 8th day of March. That resolution is as follows:—

"2. Resolved, That neither Congress nor a Territorial Legislature, whether by direct legislation, or legislation of an indirect and unfriendly character, possesses the power to annul or impair the constitutional rights of any citizen of the United States to make his home in any of the Territories, and there hold and enjoy the same while the territorial condition remains."

Mr. Dick was a member of the North Carolina State Convention, and, consequently, although not a delegate from the State at large, nor holding his commission as a delegate from that Convention, was yet bound by its action. Now let him and all other Democrats contrast this with the position assumed by Mr. Douglas on the stump in Illinois, that no matter what the decision of the Supreme Court on the abstract question might be, the people or Legislature of a territory could by unfriendly legislation exclude slave property, any honorable concession—doing nothing, not even contemplating any separate action, only maintaining a position to be uncommitted to anything that they could not approve, yet anxious to co-operate with anything at all like what they thought right. We never so fully realized the programme and spirit of the Douglassites until we heard the remarks and noticed the tone of Gov. Richardson then—that tone was maintained throughout by the Douglass—regular—elements of the house of Douglass. The action and manner of the Douglass regulars was the same at Baltimore, only more so. They had not longer been appointed by Douglass Conventions to take the place of the regular delegations appointed according to the usages of the party from several States. Their programme arranged at Charleston, was all ready to be carried out. The rights of States were to be ruthlessly violated—the regular organizations of the Democracies of States were to be ignored. Regular delegates from Massachusetts and Missouri, were to be turned out to make way for ultra-nationalists who happened to be Douglass men, while their principals were not. We, at least, could not longer remain in a body whereinto men were to be introduced who had no more right to seats than would any number of men picked up on Baltimore street. Mr. Dick's views were different—we do not impugn his motives. We can cheerfully return the language in which Mr. Dick refers to those whom he elsewhere contemptuously designates as disunionists and seceders, and do him the justice to say that he acted from honorable and patriotic motives. We do this at no mere matter of form. J. W. B. Watson, Esq., to whom Mr. Dick refers as staying in the Douglass Convention with him, took no part in its deliberations after Saturday evening, but supports Breckinridge and Lane, and does not Mr. H. V. Johnson? If Mr. Dick's constituency does not share in the Democracy of the 2d District does not their delegation, he will have reason to complain. Do they? What responsibility does the withdrawing delegates at Baltimore assume? They assumed, their constituency have fully sustained them in this. They could truly their vindication to the generous feelings of the high-minded Democracy of North Carolina.

But Mr. Dick says he assisted in the completion of the platform and in the nominations of Douglass and Johnson according to the rules and usages of the party. The record says that the Front Street theatre body nominated Mr. Fitzpatrick of Alabama, as just the man who was never nominated for the Vice Presidency by any Convention. Finding that Mr. Fitzpatrick would not accept, some Douglass managers at Washington, or in Washington, picked up Johnson as an after-thought. Mr. Dick winds up with a rebuff of all the worn-out stuff about Yancey and disunionists, which latter spi-

cinnati platform, they were prepared to give their own interpretation—to wrest it to their own views. But even this substantive decision, mangled as they wished to mangle it, was not the entertainment to which we were to be invited. It was sought to make the Supreme Court the arbiter of political principles—to drag down the eminence of the Court into the contests of parties, while at the same time the Democratic party was asked to abnegate its right of decision upon political questions of the gravest character, and deliver itself over to the changing views of a branch of the federal government. That would have been political independence and a regard for States' Rights with a vengeance. But we forgot.—The rights of the States seem to be at a discount with a certain class of politicians, and any one who avows himself their advocate, is to be derided as a disunionist, and stigmatized as little better than a traitor. But the States have rights. Yea, even the Southern States, and the best friends of the Union are those who would most sacredly respect those rights and most jealousy guard them. The General Government exists for the protection of the citizens of all the States wherever the local authority of such States does not extend, on the high seas, in the territories and elsewhere; and for the General Government to neglect to extend full and adequate protection to the person and property of any citizen in any of the territories, would be a neglect of duty—a failure on the part of that Government to fulfill the objects for which it was created—a discrimination—an intervention against the persons and property so left unprotected. And yet Mr. Dick, clamoring for "Non-intervention," advocates as such the Douglas idea that a territorial legislature, the creation of Congress, can intervene by direct legislation or legislation of an indirect and unfriendly character, to drive Southern property out of the common territory.

Mr. Dick refers to speeches from hotel balconies and elsewhere. We know what occurred in Convention and among the delegates as such. Much is said about Yancey. Where was Mr. Gauldin of Georgia, a Douglass man and quite popular with that side of the house. Mr. Gauldin was preaching slave-trade and the re-opening thereof, not only from all manner of street pulpits, but in the very hall of the convention itself. Governor Winston, the leader of the bogus Douglass delegation which came to Baltimore from Alabama, actually recommended disunion in a message to the Legislature of that State. Mr. Gardner of the Augusta *Constitutional*, the great gun of the Georgia Douglassites who denounce the "Seceders"—actually seceded from the Georgia State Convention, with a little tail of some forty-five out of a Convention of three to four hundred. How can Mr. Dick, associated as he is with these men, charge disunion, secession or anything else upon the friends of Breckinridge and Lane and the equality of the States, because Mr. Yancey happened to be a member of the regular and only true delegation from Alabama, and because further, Mr. Yancey being a very eloquent man people liked to hear him? Is Mr. Dick willing to be held responsible for all that Mr. Gauldin said? Is Mr. Dick an advocate of the re-opening of the slave-trade even if we should fail to command it. But for the true Democratic cause, we have bright hopes which are daily becoming brighter, and which, we trust, will meet with their fullest realization in November next.

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THE VOTE FOR GOVERNOR.

We publish below the official vote of the entire State for Governor, taken from the Raleigh papers.

1856. 1860.

COUNTIES.	FOR	AGAINST	FOR	AGAINST
Alexander	916	649	771	763
Alexander	466	411	429	584
Alexander	334	772	259	887
Ash.	734	708	379	579
Albemarle	523	573	134	584
Burke	969	786	916	910
Buncombe	608	481	660	660
Buncombe	539	543	570	570
Buncombe	404	468	410	110
Buncombe	466	655	429	584
Buncombe	918	882	601	418
Carteret	784	533	800	822
Carteret	923	701	1023	801
Carteret	291	236	361	278
Carteret	589	390	718	481
Columbus	167	174	59	549
Cumberland	493	492	4	561
Cumberland	632	574	664	518
Cumberland	1120	211	945	406
Cumberland	1120	162	124	124
Cumberland	428	445	379	540
Cumberland	556	429	421	345
Cumberland	1109	138	998	419
Davison	823	1191	972	1038
Davison	104	101	98	101
Jackson	1113	155	139	191
Jackson	1568	189	1065	127
Jackson	744	976	1015	1028
Jackson	744	334	810	406
Jackson	1225	994	1134	978
Jackson	571	2059	457	2137
Jackson	432	289	421	345
Gates	459	329	431	461
Gates	537	244	306	306
Haywood	652	229	602	203
Haywood	736	588	788	588
Haywood	335	393	313	398
Haywood	332	501	500	498
Haywood	561	617	561	561
Haywood	211	725	749	834
Haywood	367	386	490	490
Haywood	109	124	120	120
Haywood	447	263	556	259
Haywood	614	223	593	265
Haywood	575	247	593	265
Haywood	506	700	700	700
Haywood	536	305	457	532
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Haywood	506	700	700	700
Haywood	536	305	457	532
Haywood	733	677	749	843
Haywood	211	725	749	834
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THE WILMINGTON JOURNAL.

SATURDAY, AUGUST 23, 1860.

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Yankee Land.

We recently spent two or three days within sight of Bunker Hill Monument and the State House in Boston, which latter is said to be regarded by live Bostonians as the hub of the axle on and around which all creation revolves. We climbed up the Monument aforesaid, having lifted and set down our feet 295 times, in the accomplishment of that feat. From that elevated position we saw, if not all the kingdoms of the earth and the glory thereof, at least the central realm of Yankeeedom—the place wherein the New Englander displays his most prominent traits of character—his industry and his notions, his philanthropy and his ills—his acutest and his gullibility. Let us say that, upon the whole, we rather liked the looks of things. We think it possible that a Boston hackman may go to heaven, for we found more than one of them civil, honest and intelligent in their dealings—we might at one time have had a leaning to Universalism, but we ever did feel such an inclination, a little experience of New York hackmen would have effectually cured us. As a class, they are bound to take the other route and land in the other place. There is no getting over that.

When you get past New York on your way North and East you will be struck with two things. The ground seems made of stones. The fences are built of stones. The superstructure of the railroad is laid on stones more or less broken or pulverized.

Everything around is stone, and wood appears far from plenty, and yet the people will have wooden houses. Out of the large towns, nothing is built of stone or brick but the factories, and some of these are wood, all but the chimney. The railroads are all in fine order, and run as smoothly as it is possible for railroads to do. They take you from New York to Boston, 236 miles, in eight hours, for five dollars, and without change of cars.

At the Navy Yard at Charlestown we saw on the stocks the ship-of-the-line Virginia, commenced in 1820. Her companion ship, the Vermont, was launched some years since, and she lies moored just as she was launched. The Colorado and another steamer are undergoing repairs. Split shoe on board Colorado—make claim against the Government. Will Bell for the relief of —, etc., etc., through next Congress.

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Agriculture in Massachusetts is not that great and paramount interest which it is in, or indeed in most of the States. With an area of 7,800 square miles, (North Carolina has 50,744,) and a good deal of this sterile and rocky in some parts, or more sand and gravel in others, the State does not raise enough grain for its own consumption, while beef, mutton and horses are constantly received from Vermont and the West. Mines, Massachusetts has none—neither products for exportation, she has none, save rocks and ice, and we see everywhere Boston ice and Quincy granite. By her manufacturing industry she supports the densest population in the Union, equal to 1850 to 137,17 to the square mile; in 1860 probably equal to 150 persons to the square mile. We allude to these facts because we cannot refuse to pay a just tribute to the industry and energy everywhere displayed in the State referred to, and for the further purpose of showing how largely the people of that State are dependent upon commerce and manufactures, and consequently upon a market for these manufactures, and yet we learned that in the town of Lynn, that lives by the manufacture of shoes mainly for the Southern market, the mass of the population are abolitionists—none of your half-way men calling themselves Republicans or Free Soilers, but plain Garrisonian abolitionists.

One day we went down the harbor or bay to Nahant, in the expectation of being gratified by an interview with the Sea Sarpent. The Sarpent has left Nahant. He has changed his habitat to Newport, and the Inhabitants, like their mother Eve, tempted by the "Snaak," have followed him. The great Nahant hotel finds that its "guests are fled, its garlands dead," and its doors shut. On Friday last Monsieur Denier walked on a rope over a portion of rocks and salt water near the hotel, and drew down from Boston, on board the Steamer Nelly Baker, the least handsome crowd of human beings that it has ever been our fortune to see. We looked in vain for a handsome face—the only passable one was surmounted by the reddest of red hair. Lynn, the place of a shoe already referred to, is three miles from the head of the peninsula where the imitator of Blondin was to do "his devour," as Mrs. Partington has it, and all kinds of vehicularity came rolling in to see the show, so that a friend near us remarked, "the crowd waxed large towards the end." At one time there were some hopes that Monsieur would tumble into the water, but he didn't. Got fish chowder at Whitney's Village Hotel; from piazza of same saw H. W. Longfellow in a carriage with a lady, probably Mrs. L. The biggest-posed portraits are most like him. Hibernian gentlemen in company with big bottle enquired the name of the humble writer. There were three of them, and the worst "snail-bit" of the trio insisted that said humble individual was a candidate for the Presidency—the shortest of the set. Declined the Presidency—wouldn't run—not treat; we are not in the field. By the way, we notice that Judge Douglas has taken the stamp, which is not so remarkable, as he always was sort of "stumpy." They say that every shop in Lynn is devoted to shoes but the "last" one. Wonder if they mean any pun—Nahant is pleasant—the air is bracing. There is grass to lie upon wherever there are not rocks to sit on. The grass is full of ants who bite, but that keeps up a pleasant excitement. From the head of the Peninsula the steeples of Salem are visible, and the sails of the vessels entering the harbor. Cape Ann is also in sight. In fact so small is the area of Massachusetts, and so close are the towns, that very many, classed as independent communities really appear to be and are suburbs of Boston. In going down the harbor the eye can take in the North-East, Charlestown, East Boston, Chelsea, Malden and Lynn—on the South-West and South and South-East Roxbury, South Boston and Quincy, connected with Boston by nearly unbroken rows of houses. We must not forget Cambridge, the head-quarters of the mutual admiration club. These places, with perhaps the exception of Lynn, may be really called Boston, for they are all connected with it, and derive much of their population from it. On the heights of Roxbury and Dorchester are some of the finest villas in the neighborhood of the city. When a man buys an uninhabited lot on any of these heights, the first thing he says is "blast it!" and they blast it, for that is the only way of grading where solid rock lies to be got out of the way or leveled. After a while they get it into form and shape, and a wooden villa goes up "with all the modern improvements." The rocks are covered with soil, we suppose, at any rate the grass is beautiful, trees are made to grow, and a Summer paradise is made to bloom where anybody else than a live Yankee would have given over the attempt. We don't like to think of the Winter. Like an English coachman's drink, it is "cold without," while inside a domestic demon named a furnace pours out heated air through registers, keeping up unnatural and unhealthy warmth, the result being a wan, dyspeptic look in man and woman—a swallowing of patent medicines and other abominations. The crowd on board the Nahant boat, before alluded to, were evidently from the country or some of the smaller towns, we suppose—they were probably working people on an excursion, and looked and acted intelligently, but they were unhappy looking, sickly, as a rule. This no doubt is due to the in-door habits of life and the

mode of heating in the Winter. Everything appears to have its compensating advantages and disadvantages—from commerce and manufactures Massachusetts and the New England States generally have derived much wealth and the means of securing the advance of intelligence and comfort, but by over devotion to money getting, over confinement in crowded factories or close counting rooms,—over coddling in close, furnace-heated houses in winter—over tear and wear generally, they have measurably lost the power of enjoying these things.

Tall chimneys are the noticeable features of nearly all New England towns and cities—we will do them the justice to add that, from the looks of the steeples the churches are not neglected. With stones every where they build elaborate churches of wood.

Boston Common is something of which Bostonians may well be proud. There is nothing like it in the country. It contains some forty-five acres in the very heart of the city where ground possesses a value almost fabulous. The newer portions of the city are laid out with some appearance of human design—the older portions are the result of the combined genius of the early puritan cows and pigs, the streets following the tracks made by these savagely and sagacious animals. The wholesale business streets are rapidly changing from the brick structures of "old Boston" to imposing blocks of granite or Sidney free stone. Brown stone, although met with, is nothing like as plenty as in New York, and the eye, wearied of the eternal brown, rejoices in the relief afforded by the change. We like the style of building in Boston better than we do that prevalent in New York.

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